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COULDN'T DODGE HIS FATE.

"These railroad disasters my courage o'ermaster,"
Said he, "I won't ride on the train."
So he started a-walking, and carelessly talking,
Fell and broke a large hole in his brain.
"I won't ride on a bicycle, and fall like an icicle,
No one-wheeled machine for this nibs."
Then a wheelman named Snyder, a bicycle rider,
Rode against him and smashed in his ribs.
Then the surgeons inspected his backbone deflected,
Found his heart had been seriously hit;
But calm Mr. Synder, the bicycle rider,
Why he wasn't injured a bit.
"An ocean excursion's a dangerous diversion,
Embark on a ship and you're dead."
Then an earthquake came rumbling, his house fell a-crumbling
And thundering down on his head.
"I'll join no congregation; a great conflagration
May burn down a church in a minute."
And that night a dire, unquenchable fire,
Burned down his own house and him in it.
—*Tid-Bits.*

TALK OF THIEVES.

The Significance of Slang Terms Used by "Crooks."

The "Upper Classes" Discarding Them—Detectives and Their Unsavory Companions—Some Warning Signals Adopted by Bad Citizens.

The followers of any profession or occupation having as a general thing words and phrases peculiar to their calling, with meaning more or less obscure to those not familiar with the matters. These terms in the case of the honorable professions are called technical, but they might, nevertheless, be called slang. Slang is, however, the technical language of the classes who are under the ban of the law or of public sentiment. Pure slang originates as a general thing among thieves, gamblers and prize-fighters, and it has its reason for existence in the fact that the members of these honorable professions find it necessary to discuss their operations and affairs so that outsiders may not understand. The elevation of the prize-fighter to the position of a popular favorite, and of prize-fighting to rank in the field of sport, has made its slang rather commonly intelligible. Gamblers' slang, too, has been made familiar to every one through the newspapers. Thieves' slang, however, is not so generally understood, for the thief, as such, desires to be unknown, and his slang is only effective among his confreres. The old talk of the thieves is not so generally used as it used to be. In fact, slang among thieves of eminence in their profession has died out almost completely, for the reason that talking slang was soon found to be a means of attracting attention—a very undesirable thing to this gentry. Among the lesser fry the use of slang still prevails, but the meaning of terms changes more rapidly than it used to. Time was when a member of the crooked fraternity could rattle off five or six sentences entirely unintelligible, and a detective's conversation was a marvel of mysterious meaning. Slang originating with the thieves has passed now to the newsboys and young roughs, who use it almost constantly. Some of it passes into use among better-informed people, but not much, and the greater part of the "lingo" in use to-day among thieves is as unintelligible to an honest man as if it was so much Hottentot. The detectives, if possible, use more slang then a thief, and and they keep up with all the additions to the rogues' lexicon, for the reason that it is part of a detective's pride to to understand the talk while the thief uses his slang only to convey his ideas sub rosa to his partners, and not as a linguistic acquirement.

The use of slang by a detective was laughably illustrated not long ago at the four courts, when one of the local lynxes was put on the witness stand to testify as to the arrest of the defendant. After declaring that the prisoner had several more or less weird and incomprehensible aliases and was a bad man, the prosecuting attorney asked:

"How did you come to arrest him?"

"Well," replied the detective, "I was going down Broadway, and just in front I spied 'his nobs.' I 'piped' him awhile, and then he got his 'lamps' on me and 'screwed his nut' and 'lammed.'"

The foreman of the jury was just on the point of calling for an interpreter, when the lawyer translated the detective's testimony, explaining that "his nobs" was defendant, that 'piping" was watching, "lamps" meant eyes, and that when the man "screwed his nut and lammed" he started to run away.

The explanation of a case by a detective, if printed in his language, would to the general reader look like a sample of the new language which some crank in Europe has invented for universal use. In the language of the thieves all men who violate the laws of meum et tuum, whether by force, fraud or ingenuity, are "crooks," but "crooks" are subdivided into other classes. The bank burglar is a "gopher," and "dip," "wire," "tool," are the names for a pickpocket. A "moll wire" is one who robs women only, and a very slangy crook might in a moment of slang-slinging enthusiasm substitute for the term another, "moll buzzer." A woman is a "moll," while a boy is always a "kid." If the burglar goes by himself he is a "single-footer." A "stall" is one who watches while a burglar works or engages the attention of visitors while pickpockets are at work. A man or an institution selected to be robbed or victimized is a "mark"; a highwayman is a "stringarm man" and the act of highway robbery is "holding up." "Bloke" is a common term originally meaning a party to be robbed, but now used as a kind of reproachful term signifying that a party is "no good." The confidence man is a "con. man." If he plays three-card monte he is a "monte spieler," and, as the game requires more than one to make it work, the crowd is termed a "monte mob." The victim of the confidence man is a "mack" or a "guy," and if he be an old man he is respectfully alluded to as a "happy guy." If he falls into the trap easily he is "dead sure to lose his stuff," stuff being the crooks' term for the root of all evil. Stolen property is "swag." When it is hidden it becomes "plant." When taken from its hiding place the act is called "raising the plant." A smart person is "fly." If a thief is smart he receives credit therefor in being termed "a dead fly mug." The detectives would say "he is people, he is," or "he's smooth people." When a crook is not doing much he is having "tough leather," or "tough chewing." When he is busily engaged he is "getting in his graft," or "grafting."

The confidence man when at work is "copping off stuff." If he has much trouble in getting the money it is "hard," if not, "easy money." To a burglar the operation of getting into a safe is "cracking the box." To the pickpocket a handkerchief is a "wipe," a watch a "super," the chain a "slang," a gold chain "red," a silver one "white." Gold is or used to be "ridge." An unsophisticated man is a "gray." A person who knows crooks and their ways is "dead on," and his posting possible victims is called "knocking." When a thief is captured he is "pinched" or "collared," if by a detective, by a "fly"; if by a common policeman, by a "flatty." If his victim identifies the thief, that worthy declares that the "bloke" "rapped" to him. When in jail he's in "hock" or in the "cooler," and if he needs a lawyer he employs a "mouthpiece." The judge is the "beak" and if the crook is convicted he is "settled," his term designated as "time," being divided into "stretches" instead of years and "moons" instead of months. "Daylight" means liberty after imprisonment, and when he speaks of his incarceration the crook alludes to having "done his bit" "over the road." "Giving a stiff" means telling a lie; putting a bold face on matters is expressed by "making a dead front." If the thief is "leary" then he is afraid, and, if he objects and so declares himself, he makes a "beef." A place where stoten property is kept is a "fence," the proprietor a fencer. A Jew is a "sheeney," an Irishman a "mick" or "chaw." A place where a man stays or may be found is his "hang-out." A man who confesses "squeals" or "peaches" on his partners, who are his "pals." When photographed, the thief is mugged." If captured in some crooked operation he is "nailed dead to rights;" and when there isn't a chance to "screw his nut," "slope" or "lam," all of which signify running away, he "throws up his hands," for he don't believe in taking any chances in a "scrap," which means a fight, or against a "gun," or "pop," which means a pistol. A man's clothes are his "togs," shoes "skates," breeches, "kicks;" if there be money in them he has "sugar or stuff in his kicks." Slippers are "stamps," and the hat, which used to be a "cady," is now a "sky-piece." His hands are "dukes," his fingers "forks," his elbows "crooks." A wagon is a "dray," a bank a "jug." A dollar is a "case," a nickel is a "case," a man's last dollar is his "case case," a man's last shirt is his "case shirt." A large amount of money is "boodle," a "bundle," a "roll." This he generally "blows in" (spends) against the cards, faro-bank, especially, or "lush" or "booze," which is liquor. When without money he's "strapped" or "broke," and maybe he can not buy his "peck," for bread is not the staff of life, it's "peck." V and X stands for $5 and $10. and "century" means $100.

When the money is gone a borrow must be made, but a borrow is a "hot touch." Money is most usually spent on "sparks," diamonds being easily pawned, or "hocked," for something like their real value. When the thief gets his "bit," that is, his share of the "swag," stolen property, he generally puts it in "sparks," if he doesn't get his "bit," he is "done out of it," or "put in the hole." When he has his "bit" he is "flying high," but his soaring may put the detectives "on to him," and they promptly "nip" or "pinch" him, and he then enjoys a "fall." Then he condemns himself for a "sucker," or, worse still, a "chump," and kicks himself when he remembers the crooks' motto that "There's a sucker born every day in the year," and he's one of them. Honest people are "straight," but the thief believes that every body wants to make money and that every one is "out for the stuff." This being the case, he's out for it too, and he is an "easy-money man." Detectives, he declares, don't hesitate to "shake down" a thief who has any money, and "give him hours" to "skip" out of town that he may not tell of it. Money is either "good," or "queer," or "coney." A counterfeiter is a "coney man" or "koniacker;" he has men who sell it, and they are "dealers," those who circulate it "shove the queer." A "headworker" plans criminal operations, the "capper" encourages the "sucker" (victim) to put his money into fraudulent schemes, and the "steerer" picks up men on the street and leads them to places where they can get "skinned." The victim's pocket-book is his "leather," and though the crook who "nicks" the "sucker's" "leather" steals but trash, he who would steal his "monekas" steals that which is dearer to him than life itself. This is a crook's paraphrase of a famous Shakeperean passage.

The chief person of any assemblage is the "main guy," or perhaps the "head finger." The "office" is a warning of any kind to look out. It used to be a kind of clearing of the throat to spit, but that was worn out. It would attract a thief's attention almost anytime. A cough will do as well. When "office" is given and answered, then the one giving it knows that the other has "tumbled," and that some one is "onto them." If he doesn't tumble he is liable to get "sloughed up"—i. e., put in prison. "Cheese" means stop. "Cheese patter," stop talking. "Cheese weeden," or "nixey weeden," stop talking slang. "Patter flash," was the old time for talking slang, but it has died out. The burglars' tools are "nippers," or "tongs," or "outsiders" for opening doors from the outside, the "jimmy," a kind of bar when long or chisel when short, to pry open "jiggers," doors or "glazes," windows, or a "peter" trunk. The officer who goes with crooks to get their secrets is a "pigeon," but doesn't generally "front up" until long after the "gang has been pinched" and they are brought up to "tully" (trial). Under the circumstances the best defense is to claim that the detective is "jobbing" them, that is swearing their liberty or life away. The warden of the penitentiary is a "head screw," and the others are subordinate "screws." Most thieves believe that they wouldn't have been caught if they had been alone in jobs or if they hadn't been associating with some unlucky person, said unlucky person being a "Jonah," an application of a biblical incident in a rather unexpected place, for thieves don't often attend the "gospel mills," where the Bible is expounded by the "patter coves" or "steeple guys." It is written that all men shall die, but the "crook" does not. He "croaks" or gets "crooked" (killed), and after his "stiff" has been duly waked he is taken out and "planted" by his "pals," who afterward speak of him, if regretfully, as engaged in the cheerful and beneficial occupation of "pushing clouds," or, if he was unpopular, as "doing his long time." Others have a worse fate still. They become "buggy" and are sent to the "bug house" (insane asylum). Others "double up" (get married) and "square it" (reform), but they are only about 4 per cent.

The samples above are but a few. A large book, indeed, would be a complete slang dictionary. Several of these have been published at various times, and those who desire to learn how to talk "under cover" can pursue these studies further by perusing one of those valuable volumes.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

WHY CELERY NEEDS SALT.

Twelve Reasons by the Representative Young Women of America.

It was a class of young ladies from various of our principal cities, etc., in a prominent seminary that might or might not be Vassar, and the examination was in writing. The question was, "Why does the vegetable celery require so much more salt when it is eaten than any other garden product?" And here are the answers:

1. Miss Cultura Bostoniensis—"Because the atoms which enter into the composition of this representative of the genus apium gravolens have a repellant effect on any particles of saline matter that may occupy a contiguous proximity, and their non-compatibility produces a deprivation that can only be supplied by a subsequent manipulation in recepticale salis."

2. Miss Patrissima Philadelphia—"Because the ancestral plant did not have salt enough to transmit the flavor to the younger members of the family."

3. Miss Putonairs Washington—"Because it did not choose to absorb any salinit from the vulgar herd of particles in the surrounding earth."

4. Miss Interesta New Yorka—"Because the salt was squeezed out before it got in, like a Broadway dividend."

5. Mlle. La Fille de St. Louis—"because whatever salt it had went somewhere else."

6. Miss Frigidus Montreal—"It does not; frozen turnips take more."

7. Miss Inahurria Chicagoana—"Because it's eaten before it's grown."

8. Miss Stayathoma Cincinnatiensis—"Because it chose to go without."

9. Miss Concisa Omaha—"Because it's so fresh."

10. Miss Contradicta San Francisca—"Because it doesn't."

11. Miss Countriani Vermonti—"Cause it's good."

12. Miss Pankina Connecticuto—"Does it?"—*Judge.*

—The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties is hardening the character to that temper which will work with honor, if need be, in the tumult or on the scaffold.—*Emerson.*

—Showing a man where to invest his money is not showing him how he can ever see it again after investment.—*N. O. Picayune.*

HE WALKED AWAY.

How a Pumped-Out Humorist Was Insulted in a Railroad Office.

The door opened with that lengthened screak which bespeaks extreme carefulness on the part of the one who is entering, and a tall, thin man stood in the presence of the superintendent of the great Continental Air Line.

"Well, sir," said the superintendent.

The visitor bowed profoundly, and said:

"It is not in a spirit of haughtiness that I come to you. I make no pretensions, advance no claims to recognition, but simply submit my case."

"I don't understand you," said the superintendent.

"It will not take me long, sir, to explain myself. I am a pumped out humorist."

"Ah?"

"I am inclined to think, sir, that it is ah!"

"What is your name?" the superintendent kindly asked.

"Napoleon T. B. Bucklefield."

"And you were a humorist?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have never heard of you."

"Ah my dear sir, there is many a humorist who is pumped out before anybody hears of him. Mark Twain spoke recently of endowing a home for me and my exhausted contemporaries, but as usual he seems to be taking his own time."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Give me a pass. Remember that I do not come haughtily."

"Have you heard of the—"

"Yes, I know all about the Inter-State Commerce imposition."

"Then you know that we can not give passes except to employes."

"Yes, but you can say that I am an employe."

"But none only those who are on the regular pay roll are to be recognized as employes."

"Please do not let that stand in your way. Put me on the pay roll."

"It would still be a violation of the law unless we actually paid you money."

"Well, then, pay me money."

The superintendent bestowed a searching look upon him. "I feel sorry for you," said he, "and perhaps may give you employment. Are you good in mathematics?"

"I fear not, sir. The ninth line of the multiplication table is my mortal enemy."

"Can you measure cord wood?"

"No, I fear not."

"Mark cross ties?"

"I am not artist enough."

"You say that you are a pumped-out humorist?"

"Don't I look like one?"

"I suppose you do. Let me see," he said, musingly, "if there is not something I can give you to do. Can you curry a horse?"

"No, sir."

"Let me see. Pumped-out humorist." The superintendent mused for a moment, then springing to his feet, he threw his arms around the visitor. "Thank Heaven that you have come!" he exclaimed. "I can give you employment at an enormous salary. I want you to answer the funny letters the editors write when they return their passes."

The pumped-out humorist disengaged himself from the superintendent's embrace, shoved him back with an ungentle hand, cast a look of deep reproach upon him, and without speaking, slowly walked away.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Madame Nilsson's Husband.

Count de Casa de Miranda, now the lawful husband of Christine Nilsson, is the son of a lady who was governess to the late Queen Mercedes, and who was raised to the rank of Marchioness by King Alfonso. The Count a good many years ago led a Boulevardier sort of life in Paris. After the Spanish Republic collapsed he was en rapport with the Spanish Embassy. His particular function was to work the press. Those journalists who were in relations with him found him the pink of obliging courtesy, and he was in a good many instances *bon camarade.* He could be a "Tartar" when he liked, but he preferred not to be one often. If my memory does not deceive me he was arrested in the winter of the siege as a French spy by the Prussians and taken to Versailles to be interrogated by Bismarck in person. The terrible chancellor made a conquest of him.—*London Truth.*

Turtles at Key West.

From all along the coast, during the full noons of May, June and July, parties go out to the keys and watch for the coming up of the turtles. By hundreds all along the coast they come crawling up, dig holes in the beach and lay their eggs. Carefully they cover them up, then start seaward. Happy turtles if they reach the water's edge. Oftener the watcher rushes out, marks the nest, turns the turtle on his back, where he lies helpless, and then seeks others. Night after night, on almost every key, this goes on. The eggs are, some say—I detest them—fine eating, so is also the meat. In almost every house near the coast during the season one sees great piles of these round, chalky, paper-shelled eggs, and is offered cake and bread made from them, ad nauseam.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Fetherhedde at the Club—"That Skattawbwain is a dweadful aws. He's such an aws he makes my head ache evewy time I see him, wondawing how the dayvil he can be such an aws as he is."—*Town Topics.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Followers sometimes feel the want of a leader; sometimes a leader feels the want of a great lot of followers.

—It is never too late to mend; but a man can not expect to have a button sewed on much after midnight.

—A good quality of celluloid is now being made from potatoes. Soon bullets will be made from the railway sandwich.

—There are a great many windy patriots who mistake the echo of their own tongue-clatter for the voice of fame.—*Washington Hatchet.*

—In the Alps.—Guide—"If the ladies will only stop talking, your honor may hear the roaring of the waterfall across the valley."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

—It does not change the weather to complain about it, but there is a little satisfaction in a good vigorous kick once in a while.—*Elmira Gazette.*

—Their influence goes on forever.—
So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him
Lies on the paths of men.
—*Longfellow.*

—It is possible now to construct a sewing machine in one minute, or, let us say, in one thirtieth of the time it takes to find a needle when a man wants a shirt button sewed on and is late for his train.

—Mrs. Grundy says: "Boys now, to a great extent, take the places of men in New York society." Mrs. Grundy must not complain, since boys were created for just this very thing.—*St. Albans Messenger.*

—If there is an instance of sublime faith more striking than that shown by a bald-headed man when he buys a hair restorative from a bald-headed barber, our attention has never been called to it.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—We have a lawyer in this county who, several years ago, in the course of a plea, said: "Gentlemen of the jury, you should bear in mind the Lord's Prayer, which says, 'Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.'"—*Cooperstown Republican.*

—They were playing an old fashioned game and having just the best kind of a time, when just as pretty Miss Tatting cried out, "Button, button, who's got the button?" old Marriedman cast a gloom over the game by drawing a nail from his pocket and saying, "Here it is."—*Burdette.*

—Steel guns of the largest calibre will only stand two hundred rounds; after that they must be condemned. A plain man of ordinary calibre will stand from eighteen thousand to twenty thousand rounds. This illustrates nature's superiority over art.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

DEFYING EARTHQUAKES.

Methods of Constructing Houses Capable of Resisting Heavy Upheavals.

A curious paper was read by Prof. Milne at a meeting of the Seismological Society of Tokio, reporting results obtained from a seismic survey of the ground in the immediate neighborhood of his house, with the view to discover, if possible, the best method of constructing houses or buildings capable of resisting earthquakes, so as to sustain the least damage in themselves. Three different ways appear to have been suggested, by which it was thought probable that the buildings would escape the effects of the motion produced by the earthquake wave. The first was to make a careful seismic survey of the ground, and after that, to select a spot where there would be relatively but little motion—though how this desirable result was to be obtained we are not informed. The second plan was to build in a deep pit, the walls not touching the sides of the pit; but by what means this was to save the house, it is difficult to see, as, if an earth-wave passed over the place, the pit itself as well as the house would necessarily be effected. A third method is still proposed, and that is, where the ground is soft, a light, one-storied house should be constructed of either wood or iron, which should be rested on a layer of cast-iron shot—an idea, possibly, to allow the house to move over the shot from right to left or backward and forward, and so escape being overthrown. But still, a very heavy-wave would upheave, not the house and its foundation only, but the whole space of the earth round about it; and if that was so, the house, shot, pit, and all, must surely be overthrown in a heap together. The theory, however, is both curious and interesting, and may be well worth the examination and consideration of the scientific world, in spite of the difficulties and doubts which appear to surround the question.—*Chambers' Journal.*

An Inveterate Speculator.

An agent called on a Dakota man, saying: "You have been recommended to me as a prominent citizen, and I have a patent ice-cream freezer here which I would like to sell you. It is—"

"Don't want it."

"It is something new and—"

"Tell you I wouldn't have it."

"But I m sure you would—"

"Wouldn't; no use for it; never eat ice-cream."

"But it only costs $1.50, and perhaps—"

"No perhaps about it, wouldn't take your freezer as a gift."

"Well, I have another scheme here. I am selling chances for a drawing on the same freezer. There are one hundred tickets at a dollar apiece."

"Well, that's more like it—put my name down for two tickets. This is speculation, and I always go in on any thing of that kind."—*Dakota Bell.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

ALREADY ENGAGED.

You needn't ask Nan to a party,
A dinner or five o'clock tea,
Three weeks from to-day—which is Thursday—
For "engaged" and "at home" she will be.

She set her white Brahma this morning,
In a box with sweet hay for a bed,
On a dozen great eggs, all a-flutter,
With plumy wings softly outspread.

The hen looks so proud and important,
With her treasures hid under her breast!
Every feather alive if you touch her,
As if warning you off from her nest.

And the capable creature will sit there,
Come sunshine, come storm, or what may,
With her wings, and her warmth, and her wisdom,
Till exactly three weeks from to-day.

And *then!* oh, the downy soft treasures,
The dear little yellow round things,
That will break from the shells and come peep in,
And stretching their small helpless wings!

Oh! you needn't ask Nan to a party
Or a dinner or five o'clock tea,
Three weeks from to-day—which is Thursday—
For "at home" and "engaged" she will be!
—*Mary L. B. Branch, in St. Nicholas.*

THE SCIENCE OF EATING.

The Dangers of Over-Loading One's Stomach—Stories About Children and Hints to Them.

Some very essential things to a long and comfortable life are substantial, nurishing food, properly cooked and properly eaten; and one very important point in proper eating is to eat what is *sufficient*, and not what we are more apt to do, to eat *enough*. It will give you a little study in word analysis to look out the exact meaning of "enough" and "sufficient," and compare them. It is a habit with many persons to eat all they want, to fully satisfy their appetites. A glutton or greedy person is rarely healthy or happy, and more persons are injured by overeating than by taking too little food. I did not admire the child, but I was amused at his remarks when he demanded another cake at table. "You've had five or six already," replied his mother. "Them ain't the ones I want; I wants a fresh one," whined the little cormorant.

It would surprise some of you who indulge your appetites to know how little of the proper kind of food is necessary to life and health. A gentleman of high standing in his profession as a lawyer, past sixty, but as active and vigorous as a man of forty, was asked by a friend the secret of his perfect health. He said: "I eat a plain, wholesome breakfast, walk nearly three miles to my office—rain or shine, hot or cold, I swing my legs over the ground. I take no lunch, and walk home at five o'clock to dinner. I make a hearty dinner—no fancy dishes, no hot sauces, no pies and puddings, no wine. I am frequently compeled to attend dinners, banquets and festivals, but I never change my habits."

There is an old proverb—"One man's food is another man's poison"—and, of course, it is impossible to lay down any rules as to what people in general shall eat; but experience soon makes it a pretty easy matter for any one of us to do this in his own case. Perhaps the largest statement as to a nourishing diet, to be found outside of an advertisement of a patent food for invalids or children, is in the story told by a little girl:

"Uncle John," said little Emily, "do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in one week?"

"Nonsense! Impossible!" exclaimed Uncle John, and then asked: "Whose baby was it?"

"It was the elephant's baby!" said little Emily.

I heard of an Italian nobleman in the sixteenth century, Count Cornaro, who lost his fortune and his health while quite a young man by intemperance in eating and drinking, and his physician told him he had not long to live. But he found himself very unwilling to die; so he began to be very prudent in his diet and habits. He found, by experimenting, that twelve ounces of solid food and thirteen ounces of liquid food was sufficient for him. Gradually he recovered his health, but never changed his habits of eating except to increase the quantity of food to fourteen and of drink to sixteen ounces at one time. But he says:

"Scarcely had I continued this mode ten days when I began, instead of being cheerful and lively as before, to become uneasy and dejected, a burden to myself and to others. On the twelfth day I was seized with a fever of such violence, that for thirty-five days my life was despaired of. But by the blessing of God and my former regimen, I recovered; and now, in my eighty-third year, I enjoy a happy state of both body and mind. I can mount my horse unaided. I climb steep hills. When I return home from a private company, or the Senate, I find eleven grandchildren, whose education, amusements and songs are the delight of my old age. I myself often sing with them, for my voice is clearer and stronger than it was in my youth; and I am a stranger to those peevish and morose humors which so often fall to the lot of old age."

When about to die he raised his eyes and exclaimed, with great animation: "Full of joy and hope, I resign myself to thee, most merciful God!" He then disposed himself with dignity and closed his eyes, as if about to slumber, gave a little sigh, and expired, in his ninety-ninth year.

Thomas Parr, of Shropshire, England, was a farm servant who maintained himself by daily labor, and must have lived on plain food; he lived to be one hundred and fifty-two years and nine months old, and is frequently mentioned in books as "Old Parr." There is no guessing how much longer he might have lived but for the unlucky accident of the King of England hearing of the great age of his humble subject and doing him the honor of inviting him to visit the palace. He was treated in so royal a manner and tempted with so many and such wonderful dainties, that he died soon after returning home of a fit of indigestion.

So much of what you are to eat, and now a word on table manners. Foreigners complain that we Americans have conspicuously poor manners at the table. They complain that we chew with our mouths open, put in too much food at once, hold our heads down close to our plates; of our eating with our knives when we should use our forks, and of "bolting" our food. I shall not resent or deny these charges; if they are true in any case I should not think of defending the person guilty of such ill-breeding, and if none of us are guilty it does not concern us. But I would ask all girls and boys to watch themselves, and find out how far they are from doing any of these things. You need not mention to any one the result of these observations on your own behavior; just settle the question with yourselves.

"Please etstuse me, mamma," said little Harry, as he finished his dinner the other day.

"Oh, isn't that sweet!" exclaimed Mrs. Graham, who, with her husband, had been invited to dine with Mrs. Owens.

Before Mr. G. had time to reply to his wife Mrs. Owens said:

"No, my son, I can not excuse you until you have placed your knife and fork in their proper position."

While the little fellow was arranging his knife and fork, Mr. G. said:

"Yes, it is certainly a pleasure to see children polite and mannerly, especially at the table. It is really a pleasure to have the little ones around the table with us when we can feel that there is no danger of being mortified at their disorderly conduct."

While refined manners are so sweet and pretty, there is no more repulsive object than a person who eats noisily, grossly, inelegantly. Dr. Johnson is remembered for his brutal way of eating almost as much as for his great learning and genius. With him it was selfish preoccupation.

A part of table manners should be the conversation. By mutual consent every one should bring only the best that is in him to the table. There should be the greatest care taken in the family circle to talk of only agreeable topics at meals.

The mutual forbearance which prompts the neat dress, the respectful bearing, the delicate habit of eating, the attention to table etiquette, should also make the mind put on its best dress, and the effort of any one at a meal should be to make himself or herself as agreeable as possible.

No one should show any haste in being helped, any displeasure at being left until the last.

A little boy was shown the picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions. He startled his friends by shouting: "Ma! Oh, ma! Just look at that poor little lion way behind there. He won't get any."

That sort of anxiety is all very well in the case of little lions and bears and puppies, but not at all nice for little boys on their own account.—"*Mr. Punch,*" in *N. O. Times-Democrat.*

Still Waters Run Deep.

By way of a New Orleans journal comes this: "Polly is a homely bird, a silent parrot. Yet her ways show that still waters run deep. Polly has been annoyed recently by two pigeons, who, as soon as Madam Polly quits her cage, rush into it and devour her share of corn. This Polly could not stand. In vain, she ruffled up her feathers and strutted angrily before the marauders. At last a bright thought struck her—the next time Polly left the cage, she deliberately turned, and, with her bill, shut the door, and then, with a look of triumph at the would-be thieves, went to enjoy her constitutional without fear of being robbed."

IVORY MINIATURES.

The Craze for Them Growing Among the Owners of Plethoric Purses.

A young French artist in town is at present supplying society with ivory miniatures, and although they come exceedingly high, he is scarcely able to keep up with the demand. Painting on ivory, if not a lost art, was, until the present revival, almost a forgotten one. Such work requires exact taste, abundant patience and peculiar skill. The skill and the knowledge of the art required of course died away with the falling off of a demand for the kind of work in question. The cheapness and apparent value and permanency of photographs struck a fatal blow at the one-time popularity of ivory miniatures. But with the lapse of years it has been found that photographs are not permanent records, and people, besides, have now more money and more taste than when the photographs took first place in the affections. The transparency and beauty of these miniatures are a delight to the eye, but the commonplace buyer with the commonplace pocketbook is rather staggered with the information that a miniature three or four inches square costs $300 to $500. The artist referred to has just finished a miniature of Mrs. George Gould, which is not only a good likeness, but an exquisite picture in itself. A craze for this sort of thing in society is predicted.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*